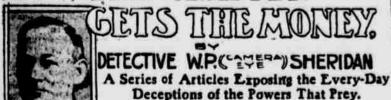
"S'Matter, Pop?" By C. M. Payne ght, 1915, by the Prom Public. (The New York World.) DEARIE I NOTICED THAT BLONDE LOOKING AT YOU PRETTY STRONG TODAY AFF-AFF- AFF- AFTER ALL THESE YEARS TO THINK SHE'D KNOCK ME DOWN AN JUMD I KAA-KAA-KAA-KANT RELIEVE IT'S TRUE- TUH TUH-TUH-TUH; THE BEAST! 15 THE HORRID EE-EE! MOUSEGONE DEARIE WELL FOLKS COMETO THE COUNTRY TO ENJOY ITS BEAUTIES. BONT THEY? LET ER SMATTER POP

THE GRAFTER



DETECTIVE W.P. (COMET) SHERIDAN

Deceptions of the Powers That Prey. ("Camera-Eye" Sheridan is regarded as one of the best detectives that ever existed outside of Action. The feats of memory which gave him his nickname, when he was head of the Bureau of Identification of the New

Fork Police Department, are proverbial. It has been said there is no man in the United States with so thorough a knowledge of criminals and their ways as Detective Sheridan. In this series he gives the public many valwable pointers calculated to save them loss by swindling.)

(Copyright, 1913, by W. W. Auliek.) NO. 3 .- "THE MONEY MAKING MACHINE."

LMOST everybody wants to make money. Accepting this as a good working basis, a certain sort of ingenious crook has invented, improved, and will in all probability perpetuate, a device to induce the covetous to believe that the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington is an unnecessary institution. According to this plausion, any gentleman properly equipped can make his own money and a life of ease and elegance.

At the present writing the money machine is in the highest favor among folk who live by their wits and shoot at human folly as it flies. Like most other swindles in everyday practice, the money machine game is susceptible of wide variations, but the main consideration is the same in all instances, and that a man with a money machine can make money. Nothing could be

One of the favorite forms of working the steal is for the pair of schemers are on the play to visit a small town or a suburban locality and make seek acquaintance with the most promising citisen in sight. A little inquiry and develop who is likely to be the easiest picking. A prosperous butcher os grooss or other tradesman makes a good risk, as they say in this insurance. This trendship may be gained at the local saloon or bowling alley—usually a combination of both places—and there by a display of cordiality and good fellowship the swindlers may gain his confidence.

It's customary for the grafters to pay for all drinks and other entertainment in behalf of an intended victim with brand new bills, preferably of different denominations. Their roll should contain stiff ones, fives, tens and twenties. They manage to display the roll to the best advantage, and it doesn't take long for them to attract the attention they dealer from the grocer. As the evening wears on they consume enough drinks to make them talkative and generous and after skilful working up they confide to their new acquaintance that they

have discovered a process of manufacturing money. Carefully leading the victim on, they finally take him to their room and show him a machine not unlike a miniature printing press of the sort the young-sters amuse themselves with. Then it is carefully explained that this machine is a triumph of inventive genius; that it is so arranged as to reproduce on spe cially prepared paper money which cannot be told from the Government output A wealth of technical, scientific and chemical terms are introduced, to the end

that the victim may be puzzled and impressed by their superior knowledge. One of the swindlers adjusts the machine, inserts into certain parts of it drops from a mysterious bottle, then takes from a carefully guarded box a of paper cut to the size of a bill. This paper is slid into a glot and a crisp bill from the crook's roll is attached to the press to give the impression new bill of the same denomination as the original drops out onto the table. Another adjustment, another turn of the crank, and another new bill falls out.

By this time, of course, the eyes of the victim are buiging. Then the fun gins. The victim is all eagerness to have one of the machines. The crooks at first refuse to sell. Then it occurs to them that they need in their business more improved machine capable of turning out \$100 bills, whereas this particu lar machine is biult to produce nothing higher than a # bill. Or any other excuse they can think of, no matter how obviously absurd, will serve in th excited condition in which they have their victim. In the end, of course, they sell him the machine for whatever sum in cash

he can produce. They give him a supply of paper and "chemicals" and instruc w to work the miniature mint. Then they tell him the machine is time set and will not operate again until a certain hour-far enough away to give the crooks time to make their getaway. When the hour arrives the gull attempt to operate, and of course cannot. In most cases he falls to discover that the ine had been pucked for his special benefit with a stack of new bills, one of which dropped out after the manner of a square of chewing gum from th penny slot device.

And it takes him a long time to become convinced that he has not made mistake in the adjustment and that, properly manipulated, the press would no turn out a daily fortune. By the time he realizes what has happened the swin diers are many miles away working their graft on other credulous persons who don't scruple to take a chance on profiting by dishonesty.

The Day's Good Stories

JOHN DREW was interviewed by a newspaper man in a hotel in Chicago one might and at last realized that he would have a hard time setting rid of the visitor. The writer seemed determined to set forever in spite of the signs of sleenjines exhibited by the setor. "I suppose I seem like a night out," said the visitor shien-the clock pointed to nearly R o'clock in the morning. "As a matter of fact I'm just that, I suffer intolerably with theomnia. I wonder chart's the heat thing to do for it."
"Go to sleen," suggested Drew smoothly, "If you'll step into the next room while I undress, I'm show you how to do it."—Popular Magazine, The Ronald R. Curtis, the well-known its show you how to do it."—Popular Magazine, Charteston, relates the Claretand Plain

Question of Names.

Nome of the country districts in Ireland it is not an uncommon tiday to see casts with the owners' names chalked on to saw the ca-mass of painting. Fractioni jokers delight in ubbing out these signs to annoy the owners. A constabulary sergeaut one day accosted a country nam where warms had been wheel out un-name to him.

Enough for Two.

A LEFT testess man and another man minus his right leg met recently in North Adams. Mass. They were old acquaintances, and after exchanging comments about the late apring each agreed that they needed new shoes.

"Let's get a pair of shoes and share 'em," said cons. "We nend a pair of shoes," both chimed together.

The dealer saw visions of selling two pairs of those and rubbed his hands in estisfaction. But these and rubbed his hands in estisfaction. But this entered a great shock when one took the sellent saw visions of selling two pairs of twenty; but a fittle while ago I met a former section of the pair of twenty; but a fittle while ago I met a former sectional of mine and she told me that her second daughter had just graduated from high except the pair of the pair of

A "Drois Tom's Cabin" compared to a small Now town when a big gander from a far near at hand waddled to the reiddle of the and began to hise.

DR. RONALD H. CURTIS, the well-known zorlogist, said in a recent lecture in Charleston, relates the Cleveland Plain

Charleston, relates the Cheretand Plain Dealer:

"I take no stock in these yarns about the distincterested affection of animals. An animal's affection is parasitic—your dog loves you because you feed it. Analyze those yarns about animal affection and they turn out like Sophis's case.

"There was a rich old maid who had an illustrated our named Sophis. The old maid died, learing her fortune to her nephew, who had lived with her, I met the nephew one day and ventured my sympathy. He said:

"The, it's very sed, and the meruing after my aunt's decease the dog Sophis died."

"Grief, I suppose? I said.

"No," said he, 'prustic acid."

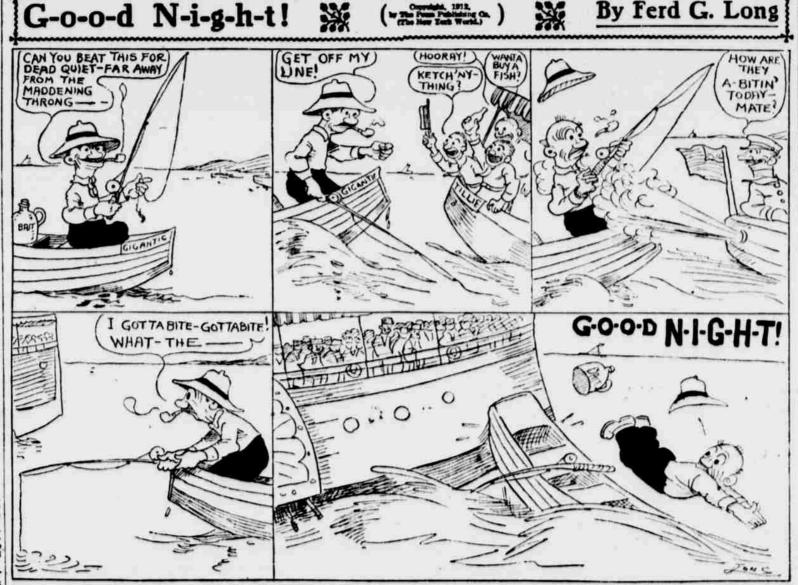
Bessie's Vacation * { 5-THE WEEK-END.

By Eleanor Schorer



Baturday's come at last! And two bright eyes in each pretty head | dislocated by its jumping and bumping in her white throat—all because strain for the first glimpse of black train smoke. Bessie's heart becomes Bob's coming for the week-end.

By Ferd G. Long



Where Thompson Went.

"Can't you one you are," replied the sta "You know the place, don't you!" "I used to."

"Oh, so: I mean that there has been a change over there."

"Just what sort of a change, please?"

"Wall, Bear Mountain has dipped down and recken he'll thank you a durch hit for discussional to the sound of the change of the recken he'll thank you a durch hit for discussional than the sound of the change of the proposition."—New threats Pinayune.

A The Ro Triangle Cupid

By Charles Alden Seltzer Author of "The Two-Gun Man")

An Adventure Romance of the Big West

Courtight, 1912, by the outing Publishing Co.)

SINDIPSIS OF PRECEIPING INSTALMENT.

Thy Rattom, an outles, reaches other and of the busies hen Allen, the street of Octas of the busies hen Allen, the street of Octas of the busies hen Allen, the street of Octas of the busies hen Allen, the street of Octas of the busies hen Allen, the street of Octas of the busies hen Allen, the street of Octas of the busies hen Allen, the street of Octas of the busies hen Allen, the street of the street of the busies hen Allen, the street of the busies hen Allen and the Continued.)

The Man on the Ridge.

HUCKS, ancered the shering the world have his measure. Him student, murderous range, but listened turther.

"I don't review that he's so all itred dangerous," continued Allen, T'ye nad him sized up for right smart while, if you'd call him a mean, sneakir, c'dward you'd have his measure. Him shoothi still Hiller in the back proves it."

Allen moved away from the edge of the thicket; the man could hear dry twings breaking at a greated bis head. He heard twigs breaking at a greated bis head. He heard twigs breaking at a greated bis head. He heard twigs breaking at a greated the him of the ridge. He was them ride away at a slow chop-trot; aw them disappear behind a lower ridge. Then he arose beind a lower ridge. Then he arose and stretched himself to his full height, a mocking grin on his face. A peculiar, dry buszing reached his sears, and with a malevolent sneer he suddenly stooped, sering a heavy stone and street he himself to his full height, a mocking grin on his face. A peculiar, dry buszing reached his sears and with a malevolent sneer he suddenly stooped, sering a heavy stone sand surful height, a mocking grin on his face. A peculiar, the world have his feet being ridge the proposed by the world have his series

signt of Allen and his deputy. He saw them presently, far out on the plains, riding toward the river. For a long time he sat, waiching them. He saw them ride down into a guily near the river and they did not appear again. The man's lank figure slowly differed that way-just now.

He smiled mockingly.

He swung around, acanning the country on the other side of the ridge. A mile away a timber clump dotted the centre of a little basin. A small abobe hut amugaled the edge of the timber clump; lastly upward out of it, befouling the clear blue of the sky. The man's eyes gilltered. In two days not a morsel of foot had touched his lips. He took another glance toward the suily into which red down from the rook summit into the thicket.

He haited for a moment to shake a fast at the sinuous, writhing body of the rattler, knowing that according to fradition it would not die until sundown. Then he passed out of the thicket, making his way down the sioping side of the rattler, knowing that according to fradition it would not die until sundown. Then he passed out of the thicket, making his way down the sioping side of the timber clump. He had not seen there before—a modition it would not of the thicket, making his way down the sioping side of the timber clump. He made long detours, keeping his body concessed as muon as possible. But always he approached the cashin. Within the cabin the woman worked over the kitchen table, kneading there is some soft dough. She worked the cabin, was a bound kneading to ward to some soft dough. She worked the cabin, the cabin the woman worked over the kitchen table, kneading dour the kitchen table, kneading dour the side and sold mode dours as those where a secure of the side o

an adjacent room, peered cautiously, her side, and retreated as cautiously, her even filling with a sudden metature.

Occasionally she hesitated in her work, learning her hands on the table top and loosing out through the window with a lenging, interest size. The work a sole abook ner. Again while she immed out of the window in each of the window in the sole in through the cleen dorway and stood near it, watching her. She turned presently and saw him. He stood near the wall—a lank, haggard fagure—forbeiding and menacing. His signs were tensed over his teeth in a savege snart his hore revolver threatend her. He made a startling picture with his unshaven face, his cruei tips, and day way, buntin a bad man who had done something over in Dry.

ened her life roads a startling picture "but she couldn't leave with his unshaven face, his cruel lips, and dad was away, buntin' a bad man his wolfish eyes, and the sun.

The woman did not screem or faint but allowed the dough to fall from her lamis as she turned with a sharply indrawn breath and faced him. "What do you want" she said in a strained, quavering voice.

The man's eyes glittered. "Grub," he returned shortly.

The woman legt the kitchen table and "To Be Continued.)